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to the character of the Marquis, in Don Carlos, and to some of his speeches, for the exquisite feelings of Schiller on that inspiring subject. Another work was one which is now pretty generally known and read, especially since Mr. Constable's publication of it in his Miscellany, we mean the *Thirty Years' War*. In 1789, he was appointed Professor Extraordinary of Philosophy at Jena, after having for some time assisted in the publication of the *Mercur*, along with Wieland. In 1794 commenced his friendship with Göthe, on the occasion of publishing the *Horen*, a most extraordinary monthly periodical, commenced in January 1795. The main object of it was, to tell the German public, that they were still very ignorant in matters of taste and criticism, and that they could and would enlighten them on these important subjects. Their first contributors were Fichte, in the philosophical department, Woltman, in the historical, Von Humboldt, Herder, Jacobi, and Meyer. In this work appeared a great many of Schiller's best smaller pieces, as is easily seen by the number of them marked 1795-96 among his poems. This was also the first occasion of the letters lately published, which commence in 1794, the first being an invitation to Göthe to contribute to the *Horen*, and many subsequent ones referring to the same subject. This publication excited numerous animadversions, which occasioned severe reprisals in the *Xenien*, an epigrammatic production, also written by Schiller and Göthe, jointly, and sometimes unjustifiably severe upon excellent authors, as for instance the Stollbergs. Schiller was long a victim to extreme ill-health, which deeply affected his mind as well as body: he writes to Göthe, on the 7th of September, 1794:—

"I accept your kind invitation with great pleasure, yet with the earnest petition that you may not reckon on me in one point, as to your domestic arrangements; for, alas! my cramps oblige me commonly to devote my whole morning to sleep, because they give me no repose during the night, neither can you reckon upon me any hour of the day. You will, therefore, permit me to consider myself as a mere stranger in your house, and, by letting me isolate myself, to escape making any one depend upon my health. Order, which does good to every one else, is my most dangerous enemy, for I have only to intend something *certain*, at some *certain* time, to be sure not to be able to accomplish it."

This wretched state of health fell particularly heavy on him in unfavourable weather, the following passage describes the genial influence of Spring upon his mind, and illustrates a curious but well-known psychological truth, in such a highly gifted genius as Schiller's:—

"27th Feb. 1795.

"If the favourable days which we have here are also enjoyed by you, I wish good luck to the fourth book of *Wilhelm Meister*. This announcement of Spring has very much refreshed me, and poured out over my business a new life which it very much wanted. How are we, notwithstanding our boasted independence, tied to the powers of nature, and what is our will, if nature fails? That, over which I have been brooding these five weeks, a mild look from the sun has developed within me in three days; certainly my attention heretofore had prepared this development, but its maturity I owe to the warming sun."

We shall return to these interesting volumes ere long.

## THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

One never is properly sensible of the honor and glory of living in London, till the Parliament meets. Then, indeed, you feel that you are a dweller in the head of the Empire; and that all other places are but subservient members. How pleasant to find on the breakfast table, a report of all that took place in the Houses of Parliament during the *last night*, while you snored (if ever you are guilty of such an enormity,) at your ease, just comfortably warm under nine pairs of blankets. The thing comes fresh to you, you have it as soon as any one else; whereas, when you are at a distance from the capital, notwithstanding Macadamized roads, and fast coaches, and steam packets, which bear news along, swift as the stream of the "arrowy Rhone," still you feel that your newest news is old to some people, and that they are then in possession of what you can only anticipate. Moreover, if, being a dweller in London, you be very voracious of the first intelligence, and wish to see and hear, rather than judge Homerically, by report, why then you may march down to the House, and if you are not an M. P. a remote possibility, the mention of which, I trust, the gentle reader will pardon, you may pay your half crown, and get jammed into the gallery, whence you will issue by and bye, "a sadder and a wiser man," by various sage and solemn reflections upon how two-and-sixpence might have been better spent.

If you were an 'Irishman in London,' last Thursday, you would, of course, have been down to the House, at the opening of the doors, to see the "grate O'Connell," member for Catholic Ireland, to say nothing of the County of Clare, take his seat. But as you were not, I shall tell you all about it, so that you shall have the knowledge, and be saved all the waiting, starvation, crushing, half crown paying, and a million other miseries endured by your countryman, and very faithful servant, who inditeth this epistle for your instruction.

The gallery was opened a little before two o'clock, when in rushed the crowd, which had previously assembled on the stairs. A gentleman from the country, who stood next me, underwent the ordinary fate of rural gentlemen, in having his pocket picked; but the bills it contained, being, as he said, neither accepted nor endorsed, he took his seat with true English sang froid, determined, that it would in no whit diminish the loss of his bills, to abandon the position for which he had just paid his half crown. For the first two hours there was no amusement for our money, save in looking at a solitary member, who now and then came in to stick up his name in the particular place which he intended afterwards to occupy; amongst these I perceived Sir James Mackintosh, who walked in after his usual cautious fashion, with spectacles on nose; and after putting up his own name, examined with deliberate care, the names already posted up on his side of the house; and then quietly walked over to the Treasury side, and examined with equal accuracy the names there, as if he thought it possible he might find those of some of his old companions, even in the seats of the ministerialists.

A little before five o'clock, the Speaker having taken the chair, and asked if any members were to be sworn, Mr. O'Connell came forward, and was sworn by the Clerk at the

table, according to the usual form; after which he advanced to the Speaker, to "shake hands," as the phrase is; but the congratulatory con-  
assation, reminded me of Byron's manner of touching Lord Chancellor Eldon's palm, on a similar occasion, it bore about as much resemblance to a *raal* Irish shake hands, as a drop of icy-cold water does to a screeching hot tumbler of whiskey punch. The great Dan took his seat at first high up on the left of the Speaker, between Whittle Harvey and Joey Hume; but after a while changed his position, getting nearer the floor, and to the end next the cross benches.

Assuredly no Irishman would have been struck with deep respect for the intellectual or oratorical powers of the House, on Thursday evening. The mover of the Address, who made his appearance in full dress military uniform, spoke away glibly enough, until he came to a dead stop in the words, which he had evidently gotten off by heart. Your English, however, are a cool people—he floundered not, nor seemed much embarrassed; but diving his hand into his pocket, drew therefrom his written oration, and examining carefully for the proper spot, gathered up the thread of his discourse; and bolting out of his stand-still into a hand-gallop, proceeded smoothly as before, with his lesson of repetition: he described the administration in such terms as would have been more than smiled at, had an Irishman used them. He called it a *Tory* administration, acting on *Whig* principles. The second of the Address had a very ludicrous appearance in his city uniform, "all covered with lace." He looked amazingly like a servant in state livery, and warned, doubtless, by the interlude in the preceding speech, or dubious of the efficacy of the Mnemonical system, he read his speech, *ab initio ad finem*; familiar as this had been to us in the Chamber of Deputies at Paris, we could have spared it here.

Sir Edward Knatchbull spoke as he always does, boldly, plainly, fluently, and like an English country gentleman, with a sound clear head, and a fair portion of John Bull's prejudices and peculiarities. Mr. Peel was smooth and middling—Lord Blandford blunt and vehement, declaring for the utility of speeches of ten minutes long, and better attention to the business of the people, who were, as he affirmed "*disgusted*" with the House. Lord F. Gower was fluent and gentlemanly; but he indulges in the most extraordinary species of attitudinizing that ever I beheld.—Brougham sat dark as night; and cast now and then a gaze of seeming half wonderment, half contempt, at the Secretary for Ireland, who stood opposite to him.

But come we to the O'Connell. After all there is nothing very particular to describe.—Sensible of the nature of the place in which he was, he adapted his versatile abilities to it, and was well and favourably received.—There was to me a "joy of home," in the sound of his broad, brilliant, brassy brogue, as it rolled forth in its strength, and filled the building; and it was an agreeable relief from the lispng dandyism of tone and manner, which, it must be confessed, is but too prevalent in the lower House. The sound of Daniel's voice, 'came o'er my ear like the sweet south,' as he poured forth the broad vowels of dear Munster. When he got on his legs, he drew himself up to his best height; and folding his arms, he told the House, that "perhaps he had little

to say, that would either interest or instruct them on the present occasion; but he would make no apology for what he was going to say, more than this, that as he expected they would hear him pretty often, he would be brief;" and then he dashed along in his own easy manner, making some very good hits, which told upon the House, and he was, throughout, listened to with very great attention.—At his concluding observation, indeed, about "sitting from day to day," until a remedy for the distresses of the people was devised, there was a pretty general laugh; but what the Honourable Members found of the ludicrous in this observation, I had not the skill to discover. In sober sadness, the House—I speak of it merely as an assembly of public speakers, made but a very sorry appearance on Thursday evening. No thought was sent forth which bore upon it the light of genius,—no expression that seemed to aspire beyond the least ambitious mediocrity.

Your faithful correspondent,

I.

[This letter was intended for our last Number, but press of matter compelled us to defer it; the less reluctantly, that we thought it contained salt enough to keep a week without growing stale.]

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 15th February.

The cold weather has again returned; the thermometer, which for several days had been as high as from five to nine degrees, is now again at zero. The accounts from the provinces, and from foreign countries, are very distressing, as to the effects produced by the intensity of the cold. At Berlin several persons have been frozen to death, as also at Stuttgart where the thermometer was on the 2d instant, at 25 degrees below zero. At Mulhausen, on the 3d instant, the cold was almost as severe as at Stuttgart, several persons were frozen to death; and in a house badly sheltered, a poor woman and two children were found frozen in their bed.

Considerable sensation has been excited here by the appearance of a pamphlet, on the celebrated violin player, Paganini; the general notice of this extraordinary musician, is very cleverly done, but the most important part of the pamphlet is that which contradicts the report of Paganini's having committed murder; this report had been for a long time fully believed; and yet it is worthy of remark, that it was current nearly two years, and occasioned great coldness towards Paganini without his being aware of its existence. In April, 1828, whilst he was giving concerts at Vienna, in the course of a criticism, highly flattering to the musician as to his talents, the writer expressed astonishment that such a man should labour under an imputation calculated to excite horror amongst his hearers; this, to Paganini, strange remark, induced him to enquire of the author what was meant, and he was then told that he was generally considered to have been guilty of poisoning his wife at Milan. Paganini instantly applied to the magistrates to institute an enquiry, which turned out completely satisfactorily; it was proved that Paganini had been the victim of a mistake. Whilst he was at Milan another violin player was really arrested for the murder of his wife, and a report having got abroad that a celebrated violin

player sojourning at Milan, had been guilty of this crime, the public unfortunately fixed it upon Paganini.\* M. Lafont, the first violin player to the King of France, has, in reference to this pamphlet, addressed a long letter to the French papers, contradicting a statement made in it, of his having been completely defeated by Paganini in a trial of skill at Milan; M. Lafont, however, speaks in the highest possible terms of the musical talent of his opponent.

The *Volur* contains a curious, I will not say a true account, of a strange freak of nature, which throws the Napoleon child, and even the Siamese boys into the back ground; it is stated, that as a gentleman was walking with his wife, who was in an advanced state of pregnancy, she observed on the outside of a gate, a large printed placard—*Joli appartement garni à louer*—the lady had a longing for this placard, and as her husband refused to steal it for her, a quarrel ensued, which very much affected the lady. On the birth of the child, which took place several years ago, some strange marks were perceptible on the body, which in the course of time became distinct, and were found to be the very words which were on the placard, viz. :—*Joli appartement garni à louer*.

Letters have been received from the Morea, dated January 2d, stating that the heat of the climate has been very destructive to the topographical brigade, which was sent out by the French government; only five persons survived, and they are said to be so debilitated as scarcely to value existence.

There is very little new in the theatrical world; the favourite Theatre for some time past, has been the Italian, which, however, is to close in little more than a month. At the *Académie Royale*, the celebrated dancer, Taglioni, continues to draw good houses; but the musical part of the entertainments at this Theatre, is almost beneath criticism.

London, February 17th.

The fashionable people are now moving rapidly up to town, which, however, is by no means so full as it usually is at this season; the clubs, indeed, are much frequented, and they seem to increase in number with the decline of splendour in large families. At the Athenæum the applications for admission are beyond belief; and the same may almost be said of every other club; even the Literary Union, which is but of recent date, has now nearly seven hundred members.

In the theatrical circles, the chief topic of conversation is the divorce of Miss Love from her husband, Captain Calcraft; it is generally thought that Lord Harborough will marry her. This, however, must be a mistake, as no action has been brought in the lower courts for crim. con. Mr. Calcraft merely gets a divorce a mensâ et thoro; to enable the parties to marry again, a divorce, a vinculo matrimonii must be obtained, by means of a bill before the Houses of Parliament, founded upon the action in the lower court.

The newspapers have all been in error, in stating that Captain Dillon, who discovered the fate of La Perouse, has been engaged by the

\* Paganini was condemned to the galleys, but not for murder, and it was whilst he remained in "durance vile," that he composed those splendid concertos for the fourth string, as his violin happened then unfortunately to possess but one, and he was unable to supply the deficiency. Ed.

French government to make another voyage of discovery, connected with the same event. I have the authority of Captain Dillon for stating, that his intended voyage will be of a very different nature; his object is, however, for the present a secret.

The only publications of interest during the last week, have been Caillié's *Timbuctoo*, vol. 1; and the *Memoirs of the Countess du Barri*, mistress of Louis 15th, vol. 1. Some letters from Paris state, that doubts are entertained of the authenticity of Caillié's relation. With respect to the memoirs of the Countess du Barri I have only to observe, that it is an autobiography full of anecdote, and highly interesting to all who can feel an interest in the memoirs of a profligate woman, and a description of the vices and intrigues of a court. Madame du Barri's memoirs, if generally read, would do more to bring royalty into contempt, than the united efforts of all the liberals and radicals of every country.

#### THE DRAMA.

Otway's *Tragedy of Venice Preserved*, was performed at our Theatre on Monday evening, in which Miss Smithson appeared as Belvidera. So much extravagant praise has been lavished on this lady by the French critics, for her performances on the Continent, that one would have been led to imagine some new luminary had appeared in the theatrical firmament, which would eclipse the glories of Siddons and O'Neill, who so long shone with such brilliancy in our hemisphere. Though, from former recollections of Miss Smithson, we were never inclined to give credence to those inflated panegyrics of our Parisian neighbours, yet we must admit that on Monday evening, she exhibited evidences of great improvement, and many characteristics, which entitle her to assume, if not the highest, at least, a leading rank in tragic representation. Her enunciation is distinct, and her action truly graceful, united to a dignified deportment, and a countenance capable of much, and varied expression. In the earlier scenes of the play, we were not so much interested, but in the last act she developed powers of a superior order; we would, however, consider her acting much more true to nature, were it divested of some of the mannerism of the French school, in which she appears to have been studying. Mr. Calcraft will excuse us when we say he is not adapted for such parts as *Pierre*; in his peculiar line, no one can please us more, nor does he in any thing absolutely offend, but his *forte* does not lie in the higher walk of tragedy. Mr. Cooke evinced much discrimination and judgment in his delineation of the querulous and uxorious *Juffier*—but he lacks physical energy, and what is termed, "a good stage face," which are essential requisites in an actor of his pretensions.

Of the minor characters in the play we shall not now speak, as we intend, in a future number, to advert more particularly to this neglected department of the Theatre.

Mr. Dowton appeared, on Saturday night, in Lord Glengall's comedy; and Mr. Horn in Masaniello: the house was but indifferent. Mr. Horn gave the songs with his usual sweetness, neat execution, good taste, and just expression—but his voice is incapable of producing those effects of *piano* and *forte*, in which so much of the power of Braham consists, and without which, no public singer, whatever may